Mrs. Mary Ferrell
4406 Holland Ave
Dallas, TX 75219

6/3/93

Dear Mary,

The Leavelles were here yesterday. We found them to be exactly the kind of people you said, good people, and we both liked them both very much.

Jim did copy some records, I fear fewer than he would have liked. There is a collection of a few I regard as of more than average importance that I've kept on my desk for when I've been sked to speak at some local group. He found some of them of interest and copied those he wanted. When the time I was to make a radio broadcast by phone was near I took him to the basement and showed him what I call a subject file, of duplicates I made while keeping all the FOIA records exactly as I got them. It is only a filecabinet and a half but with the limited time he had he did not really know what of so many he would want. When I showed him the complete set of duplicates of the Hasty flap over the note destruction he took them upstairs and made some notes and some copies and got through only about half of that before it was time to leave. He knows he is welcome to return whenever he can and I told him that if he has any friends, especially of his fellow police retirees, they also are welcome.

There was only one thing about which I was a bit uneasy. When we discussed eating, my broadcast scheduled for noon, we decided to go to an excellent restaurant near here for its excellent seafood and to that of an oriental couple who are friends for supper. Jim said that was on him, the restaurants. I'd have preferred that he take one, we the other, but I fear that he might misunderstand that. I did not want to give offense.

We were, of course, very glad that they enjoyed our recommenations. The seafood, which I'd recommended for lunch, seemed to please them very much. Tiami (?) and Lil had an excellent Maryland crab creamed soup that Lil and I used to got there often for lunch to have, we liked it that much. But the cream is a no-no for me since the heart operation. Jim had my recommendation, their crab sandwich. Both secret recipes and both only the best of almost local lump crab.

They seemed also to really enjoy what they had of the oriental food. Earlier I'd had them try an excellent and quite different Japanese plum wine. They got a bottle and took it with them. I'm glad my friend stretched a point and the regulations- for them to have it.

Jim had given me a good print of him handcuffed to Oswald when Oswald was shot. So, knowing how intensely patriotic this couple is (the man is Korean, the woman Japanese), I told the man, Everett, who Jim is. He showed no excitement to us but he immediately told his wife, Nicole. It excited her as I've never seen her excited. So Jim went to the car and got a photo for them. They were so proud! It turned out that they had kept that picture ~~xxxx~~ from a newspaper printing of it. And the first think Everett did was to take it to someone I know and I'd not noticed when we entered to sit down, a former FBI agent who is a former conservative GOP Congressman from a county on the other side of Washington. After

he, Larry Hogan, was defeated for re-election he quitely moved to Frederick and practices quiet law, cases I do not see in the papers. He and his wife got the fine old house in which as a young grew-up woman, the woman after whom the local and quite excellent Methodist college is named, a remarkable local woman who did wonderful things during the civil war, for example. We and they had both been invited to a fine lunch at the college a year of so ago when the publication of parts of her diaries was announced. The college sat us at the same table and we and the Hogans had a friendly relationship. (Hogan was one of the last of the Nixon supporters when the judiciary committee considered the impeachment resolution. I think that he held out so long in support of Nixon was his political undoing.)

We got to talking a little 1st night. Larry gave all his papers, including of the judiciary committee and of the impeachment hearings, to the University of Maryland. I asked him, knowing that most major institutions let the boxes gather dust, how their processing for availability was going. He said nothing had been done. Contrast that to our small local college, Hood, with Sylvia Meagher's papers. They are now available for research and I had copies of several files made for Roger Feinman. A dear friend, head of the history department, with his own book to edit for publication, spent all of the time he could find for the past year going over her records so they could be available for use. He rearranged her files, which Greg had placed in boxes and the library had put in file cabinets, in a special air-conditioned and humidity-controlled room, in a logical sequence, made a card file of them and they can be used, with the guidance of the cards my friend made helping so much.

Tiami and Lil struck it off right away. They roamed and dug up a box of flower plants for the Leavelle's daughter while Jim and I worked separately, I doing work that he could interrupt easily near him. And you should have seen all the hugging at the oriental restaurant, rare for a Japanese woman. In their culture what is acceptable for men and women is entirely different. I as quite surprised at this first-ever hugging by Nicole, who was so excitied she was close to speechless.

I presume that Jim will show you what he copied. I do not know what he did copy except its source here. I particularly call to your attention an outline headed merely "Federal Bureau of Investigation." It has to be an FBI record because in that lawsuit none of the records of the House assassins were to be disclosed, by court order. I believe it is a damage-control tickler. The paperclips on it I put there to call a different court's attention to it, rather to those items in that litigation. I believe that if your regard that outline as what I do, a damage-control tickler, it can mean much to you if you pay close attention to some of the entries on it.

We did not discuss much of what Jim copied of the Hosty-flap file but he did spot immediately how important Fenner's openness and honesty from the beginning was. If you have forgotten, she was the woman at the reception desk to whom Oswald gave that note.

Jim did copy, as I urged him to do, Douglas Jackson's lengthy memoire that he wrote the night of 11/22/63 when he had not been questioned by his own police department or the FBI or Secret Service when next to Chaney he was the "jockey" closest to JFK when he was hit. It is both prideful (justifiably) and sorrowful and it has information in it I recall from no other source.

When I learned from documents I got in CA 78-0322 that the FBI had so carefully avoided both Chaney and Jackson and when forced to make even a perfunctory investigation to cover itself had declined a copy of the Jackson memoire I asked Henry Wade to ask Jackson if I could have a copy. Henry had his secretary retype it with complete fidelity.

They were amused by the xorox I made of the picture of part of my lower intestine to which I added a needling note. I think I sent you a copy. The needling was intended for Lifton, who had just behaved very badly about Sylvia, as he would never have dared to were she alive to respond.

On him I hope you have learned that he is not the kind of person you and many others believed he is. He has yet to make even pro forma denial that Waybright stole only-copies of some of my records relating to Lifton's incorrectly-titled book. Instead he evades and digresses, apparently because he can't figure out what proofs I have that he got what Waybright stole for him. For which he paid Waybright. Which, too, Lifton has yet to deny.

Tiami fell in live with Frederick, of which she saw only a little. Even said she'd like to live here. That when there was no time for my Chamber of Commerce routine as I take people around showing the city off. It is a fine place to live.

We hope you and Buck are doing as well as Jim believed.

Before returning they are going to go to Niagra Falls. I told them how to get in touch with Lonnie and Mary Hudkins, who remain our friends. Lonnie works on a Buffalo paper and loves the area.

On doing well, I pass on something I learned at Johns Hopkins day before yesterday. The testing of the arterial circulation in my legs began to improve, according to the tests, for the first time in the evaluation six months ago. Since 1975! And the tests day before yesterday show further and significant improvement. The hospital attributes this to my persistent walking, as much as I am able to. They believe that in time this resulted in the enlarging of the tiny capillaries so they can do some of what the blocked arteries have not been able to do. So I urge all my friends to walk as often as they can! It can take that long. Until six months ago it had been "holding my own" with the tests close to where the legs are endangered. The family doctor expected me to lose them 12 years ago.

In short, we liked the Leavelles very much!

Our love,

Harold